

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WOMEN

Clubs Circles SOCIETY Suffrage Philanthropy

Confessions of a Bride

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The dusk came before we reached the mansion which Dr. Hamilton Certels had once called his home. The huge windows were boarded up. In what obscure corner the caretaker lived did not concern us. I planned to enter the cellars boldly by the way I had once followed in fear.

We stepped from our auto at the entrance of the alley where I, in the day of war-time intrigues, had seen Certels disguised as a vendor of fruit.

The high wall which backed Certels' garden ran from one street to the next. Apparently it was blank, but I had seen a certain panel swing inward, and the god of chance had long ago betrayed a particular nail head which controlled the gate.

Because I knew the location of the gate I was at first to perceive, half way down the alley, a man and a woman met and suddenly vanished into the wall! They had done exactly what we were about to do! I wavered.

The thickening twilight seemed to invade and darken my mind.

I would know Bob Lorimer's tall thin figure in the shade of the inferno!

I adjusted my veil, and pulled at an earring, while I gained strength to face the fact that Bob and Katherine Miller had entered the secret cellars of the deserted house.

I was relieved because none of my party had observed what had become suddenly the most formidable bit of action in the drama of my life.

It was too dreadful! Impossible! Probably not all of the crew of war-time plotters had been corralled and exported or imprisoned. It was not unlikely that the subcellar might now be a rendezvous for lovers as it had once been for spies!

"Well, Jane! What have we come for?"

Daddy's abrupt question seemed to come from the farther side of the world. I pulled myself together. "For a box of junk!"

Dr. Spence gave me one sharp glance, then placed a palm beneath my elbow. He was kind. And I was a silly, helpless girl, needing to lean on a man, always and always wanting my particular man!

And if the events of the evening were to hold together, like the links of a chain, never—never again, would I care to lean upon my own husband for support!

I knew the open sesame of the door in the alley wall. The panel swung silently, and, as the gate turned on its hinges, a glare of light blinded us. Chrys cried out. Spence put his hand into the pocket where he had a gun. I did not care to explain that a man and a woman, entering before us, had known where to find a switch. Daddy returned his flashlight to his pocket.

We stood in a low room, looking at each other like a quartet of conspirators. We faced a tiled wall, dotted with levers which controlled the flow of water in the great fountain above our heads.

"I don't know which one of them it is. But I'm sure that one of them opens a small vault in which a person could hide a disguise, quickly, after coming through the gate. I believe the gems are in that vault."

"Spence, turn the handles," said Daddy.

We heard the sound of rushing water at first one and then another lever set a section of the fountain to playing in the park above us.

And at last the tiling at our feet receded! And a casket in a cavity was revealed to us. It was a child's burial case in a grave!

"Oh! Oh!" Chrys and I exclaimed and we felt like each other's eyes.

"Be sensible, you girls!" growled Daddy. "It's only part of the bag of tricks. Open the box, Spence!"

In another second the former kaiser's gems—or part of them—were dribbling through our fingers. We played with them, as children

How'd We Live On \$2,500 Salary? 'We Didn't,' Says Nebraska Governor's Wife; Hires No Servants, Is Bored By Society

How Gov. Samuel R. McKelvie, of Nebraska, and his wife got through the two years of his first term on \$2,500—the lowest yearly salary paid any governor in the United States—is explained at last by Mrs. McKelvie.

"Candidly," says the first lady of Nebraska, "we didn't."

"The pity of it all is that unless a man, having aspirations to become governor of Nebraska, is blessed with an independent income, he cannot hope to occupy the chair."

For his second term the governor is drawing \$7,500 a year.

That figure, says Mrs. McKelvie, is between one and two thousand dollars short of the amount they spent during the first term.

"But we will be able to make out some way," she smiled, referring to the income from the governor's farm weekly printed in Lincoln.

Hire No Servants.

Gov. and Mrs. McKelvie's beautiful 21-room house is kept up entirely without the aid of servants.

Mrs. McKelvie and her mother, who lives with them, do all of the cooking and work.

The McKelvies have never lived at the executive mansion, preferring their own residence.

"The governorship is only a temporary honor at best," says the first lady. "Governors are soon forgotten. I doubt very much whether I could name the governor of six years ago without deep thinking."

"Society bores me to death. It's so much like bridge—unless you really like, if you are certain to be bored."

Upon entering the McKelvie home one receives the impression that it is costly furnished, yet the governor's wife says there is not a single piece of expensive furniture on the floors.

Rugs and other articles have been constructed entirely by Mrs. McKelvie and truly are works of art.

Underwear Rugs.

"My friends laugh," she says, "when I tell them several of these my carpers were made from Mr. McKelvie's undergarments."

She is always busy and loves to create. She is a talented musician, having two degrees, but she exclaims: "Goodness, I don't seem to find time to touch the piano anymore. Every morning I wonder how I am going to accomplish all that I have outlined for the day."

"Houses to me are oppressive if just built with money. Originality is the biggest thing, or, to use an expression—'pep'."

A woman is always demanding proofs of a man's love. In one class of society, she doesn't believe he loves her unless he beats her; and in another, unless he is willing to pay her alimony. The tokens of the tender passion are all a matter of locality.

Science has discovered that the brain of a newborn infant can be grafted to that of a full-grown man, without making any perceptible difference in his mentality. But, dear me! Any married woman could hold them that!

Enough to subdue the city? Daddy surveyed the corners of the room. Spence drew his gloved hand over one of the boxes.

"The place is used often—no doubt," he said.

Daddy tugged at the box covers. "All loose—guns easy to get out and stack up," he announced.

"Spence, I guess you and I have got more than one report to make to the federal authorities, hey?"

I did not hear the answer. Chrys had been silent, ever since we started. "No wonder," thought I. "You may not love your husband; still you couldn't stand it to think of him shut up, and about to die, as sure to perish unless you went to the rescue. But if you went, you might be stopped in Berlin, probably would—so Chrys thought must go round in a circle, I supposed."

My own were as tragic, but less complicated.

Were Bob and Katherine Miller in the cellars?

Chrys dreamed, the men discussed the discovery of the machine guns, and I listened, straining my ears for the distant sound of a woman's low contralto voice.



Mrs. Samuel R. McKelvie, wife of the governor of Nebraska, who does her own housework in 21-room home. (Inset) Gov. McKelvie.

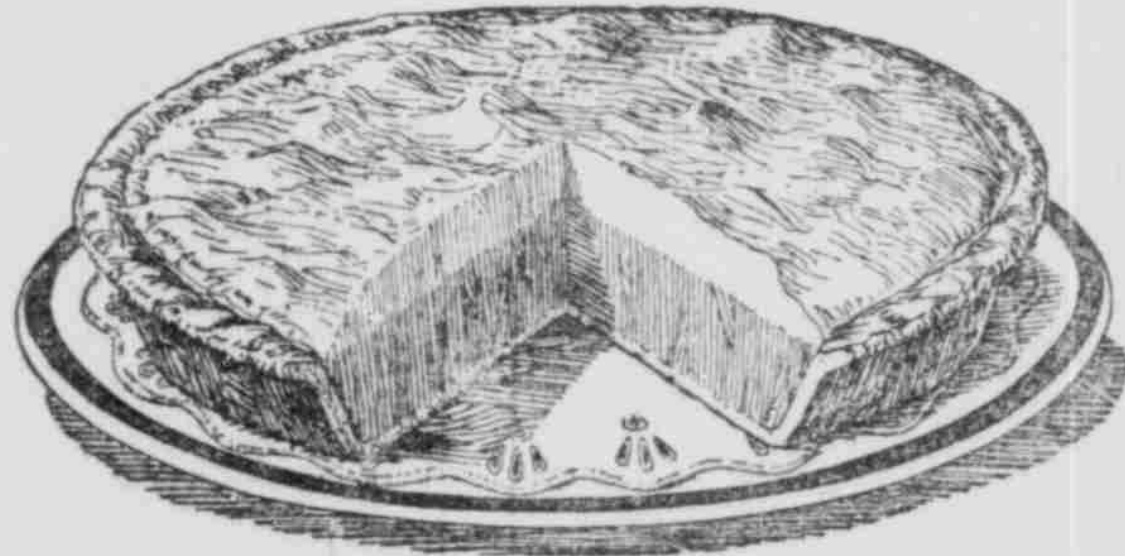
English Women Detest Serving on Juries

LONDON, April 1.—Owing to the difficulty that is being experienced to get the average woman to serve on juries, it is proposed to bring into force a bill whereby they will have the right to decline to serve if they so wish.

The bill, which is in three lines, is to be proposed in parliament by C. Terrell, who is to ask the prime minister whether:

"Notwithstanding anything contained in the sex qualification removal act, 1919, no woman shall be liable to serve on any jury without her consent."

One Pie Free At your grocery See coupon



Queen of Pies Real Lemon Pie made for you

The finest pie and the rarest pie is lemon. It takes much time, much skill to make it. So you don't serve it, probably, one-tenth as often as your people wish.

Now that's all changed.

The makers of Jiffy-Jell now offer Jiffy-Pie—a real lemon pie as good as it can be, and almost ready-made.

It comes in a package—the sugar, egg yolk, powdered milk, corn starch and tapioca.

A sealed bottle in the package contains the lemon essence, derived from lemon peel.

Add water, cook a little, and the filler is ready. And no time or cost could make it any better.

The object is to make lemon pie more plentiful. Everybody likes it. The dinners which bring it are gala occasions.

Now it is convenient, economical and quick. We ask you to find this out.

It is made by the makers of Jiffy-Jell—those real-fruit desserts with the flavors in bottles. And as Jiffy-Jell has delighted millions, so will Jiffy-Pie.

We buy the first package for you if you are a Jiffy-Jell user. Present the coupon to your grocer now and get it. Then ask your people if they want it often.

Don't wonder how good it is. Serve the first pie at our cost—that will tell the story. You will be glad to know that such a pie is always at your call.



FREE To Users of Jiffy-Jell

We will buy the first package of Jiffy-Pie if you are a Jiffy-Jell user. Present this coupon to your grocer and buy two packages of Jiffy-Jell.

Then your grocer will give you free one package of Jiffy-Pie. And we will pay him for it. Do this now, for this offer is temporary. We buy only one package for each home.

Buy 2 packages of Jiffy-Jell of your grocer and get one package of Jiffy-Pie free.

Present This to Your Grocer and Buy Two Packages of Jiffy-Jell

Write your name and address below. Your grocer will then give you—free—a package of Jiffy-Pie.

To All Grocers: Send us these coupons which you redeem with your bill, and we will pay you your full retail price.

Jiffy Dessert Company Waukegan, Wis.

We have delivered Jiffy-Jell and Jiffy-Pie as above.

Grocer's Signature

PERFUMED MALES CURSED HUSBANDS, VOLIVA ASSERTS

CHICAGO, April 2.—Comes again before us Mr. Wilbur Glenn Voliva, overseer of Zion City, and informs the hemispheres on "The Cussedness of Modern Husbands to Their Wives" to wit:

"A man goes into a home and courts a beautiful girl. She has a lovely father and mother, and the most charming surroundings.

"He sits there with oil on his hair, a perfumed handkerchief in his pocket, and buckwheat batter on his head."

"Now, darling humpty-dumpty, if you only will promise to be mine you will never have to put your hands in dishwater and I will dress you in silks and satin."

"The infernal liar!"

"She has her hands in dishwater two-thirds of the time after she marries him. They have four sweet little children. He is an Odd Fellow on Monday night, playing the dunces; an Elk on Tuesday night, a Buffalo on Wednesday night, a Macabees on Thursday night and a Bumblebees on Friday night."

"He leaves his wife at home with the children while he is out fooling around, wearing a little apron in a secret lodge room."

"If I were in her place I would sew him up in a bed-quilt, beat him with a broom and put a kitchen apron on him and make him wash the dishes."

Further than this, deponent saith not.

In a quirel, it is an awful disappointment to a woman, if a man doesn't say something to make her cry.

CHURCHLESS COUNTIES

GREAT FALLS, Mont., April 2.—

Rev. F. E. Henry has gone east to enlist theological graduates. That's because a number of Montana's rural counties are without church services. One county has no church building.

"An owl," says Henry, "will swim 2,700 miles to find himself a mate."

—and then I suppose, he'll say that the lady-owl "lured" him into matrimony.

It isn't what a woman knows that bores a man—but how she found it out.



Do You Measure Your Curtains Before You Launder Them?

This laundry does—and that is just a small part of the care taken with your curtains.

First they are carefully measured so that in drying the original shape and size of the curtains is retained.

No hooks or pins are used—a special dryer does away with them—yet the result is the curtains hang as perfectly as when they were new.

TRY OUR CURTAIN LAUNDRY SERVICE

SLICK'S LAUNDRY AND DRY CLEANING COMPANY
212-16 Lincoln Way East
Phone Main 117

WARD & LEWIS

Women's Misses' and Childrens' Outfitters
226 South Michigan Street



Monday Our Great After Easter Sale —Of— DRESSES at Eighteen Sixty

\$18.60 Mignonettes—fine weave Tricolette Beaded Georgettes—Creme Back Satins—Chiffon Taffetas—Canton Crepes—Creme de Chine—Lace Combinations—

Unusual new Spring Dresses of pronounced individuality, featuring every conceit favored by Fashion, such as dainty batiste collars, gay posies and touches of bright ribbons and embroidery.

Wedding Gowns, Like Those Of Street, Growing Shorter

Wedding gowns, like their counterparts of the avenue, apparently have lost all inclination to increase in length, seeming rather to have a tendency to become shorter.

The one picture here, designed by a New York modiste, is an adaptation of the Spanish bouffant style with a skirt of heavy baronet satin of deep ivory, slightly longer on the sides than in back and front. The skirt is divided in front, showing a petticoat of cream duchess lace on bit of chiffon.

The ivory satin bodice is absolutely plain and fits tightly with a berth and short, delicate sleeves of cream duchess lace. An added suggestion of spring time lies in the slender streamers of pale rose and jade satin ribbons attached at the waistline. These end in knots of pale pink English hawthorn blossoms and primroses.

The veil is of old Spanish lace, which discloses a rosette of lace with a knot of hawthorn and primroses at the square end. It is dressed high on the hair like a Spanish comb and is held in place by a band of pearls and primroses. The bouquet is of primroses and hawthorn bordered with white Scotch heather and a frill of lace.

Miss Marjorie Daw, movie actress, wears the gown in the picture. It was designed for her. Not for a real wedding, but a reel one.

The world is surely growing younger! No man under 60 ever speaks of his "courtship days," as though they were past and over with, nowadays; and no woman under 40 muses on her romantic "yesterday," so long as she has the strength to plan a sentimental "tomorrow."

In plays and in novels, the hero is "just in time"; but, in real life, any man who is less than 20 minutes late for anything, from his dinner to his wedding, considers himself a "hero."



New Selection of Spring Millinery

Our Chicago Workrooms have sent us a wonderful assortment of new Spring Hats, all to sell at one price—

Included are Fine Milan Sailors in 8-sided crowns—all colors. Chic New Shapes in Straw.

\$6.95

Trimmed Milan Shapes. Misses' Hand-mades and trimmed Pokes, roll brims, etc.



WAISTS

Georgette, Crepe de Chine, Navy Blue and dark colors only; \$6, \$8, \$10 values, at

\$3.95



WAISTS

Special Monday—50 Georgette and Crepe de Chine Waists, slightly soiled by window use—to close out

\$1.95 at Formerly sold at \$4, \$5 and \$6.



CHILDREN'S COATS

One Hundred New Children's Coats. In all the new colors, made up with all the style of the "grown ups."

\$10.00

